PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE
CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. SEVEN CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 17, 1925 TEN CENTS

IT'S CONFETTI THIS WEEK

We Thank You, Caroline

By W. K. B.

IT IS REALLY no reflection on the amateur histrionics of Carmel to say that those of us who were fortunate enough to see Maraaret Anglin Tuesday night in Somerste Maugham's "Caroline" experienced much the same inexpressible delight as that one feels when he has walked out of a dry land to the shores of an invigorating sea. It is not, also, much of a tribute to the art of Miss Anglin to say that much of this joy was anticipatory—it was such a relief to settle down in your chair with the comforting feeling that you need not agonizingly suspend yourself above the fear that someone might forget their lines or delay an entrance or stumble on the figures in the carpet.

It was with this relief in abundance that I awaited the first dimming of the lights in the Golden Bough Tuesday night. Margaret Anglin and Somerset Maugham therefore had me just about helpless before they even started. But they could have found me rampant instead of recumbent and won the victory. I do not know how it has come that "Caroline" had never fluttered its pages before me, but it had not, and I had the increased pleasure of hearing what were absolutely new clevernesses of Maugham when I heard them from the lips of Miss Anglin and the other most artful persons who have paid Carmel a pretty compliment by appearing here.

But when I stop to consider that it is my province and my responsibility in this some sort of a review to comment principally on what Miss Anglin did with the part of Caroline I am moved by the thought that perhaps Maugham actually makes it difficult for an actor or actress to impress his personality

(Turn to Page Twelve)

DR. MAC DOUGAL TALKS TO CARMEL MASONIC CLUB

Dr. D. T. MacDougal, director of the Botanical Research Department of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and in direct charge of the Coastal Laboratory of the institution at Carmel, told the members of the Carmel Masonic club at their fortnightly meeting Tuesday night something of what science is doing toward assisting man in the pursuit of happiness. The scientist briefly outlined the progress of scientific research and gave a hint of the lengths it will probably go in fathoming the whys and wherefores of human and inanimate life.

Dr. MacDougal's talk was given as a part of the program of the local Masons in obtaining information on current subjects from specialists in their various lines.

TO MISS ANGLIN

By GEORGE STERLING

THE TEARS of old defeats are in your eyes,
The trumpets of old victories in your voice,
In you the Grecian yesterdays rejoice
And Rome sends up her eagles in the skies.
An echo of forgotten battle-cries,
Caught up by you, is vibrant in the heart,
And in the magic sessions of your art
Again the world is dipped in royal dies.

Sister in soul to hero and to king,
Your mind has traversed that enormous night
To which the broken swords and crowns were cast,
And ancient dooms of which the poets sing
Resound in you, revealing to our sight
The terror and the beauty of the Past.

—The Overland Monthly

THERE'S A NEW VAN RIPER EN ROUTE TO CARMEL

There arrived in San Francisco last Wednesday, en route to Carmel, a small gentleman, whose last name is Van Riper, but who is still wondering what the first one will be Both Charles K. Van Riper, the young gentleman's father, and his mother who is very nicely, thank you, with the new arrival in the Dante Sanitarium, have not yet come to a decision in the matter.

But other matters pertaining to the welfare of the boy are being speedily, one might say, too speedily, given thought to. Charlie, radiating delight and importance, was telling William T. Kibbler, in front of the postoffice the other day, about the important event. Suddenly he asked: "When does the Sunset School open?" Kibbler was too overcome with mirth to answer and Charlie made some excuse about being interested in starting football practice among the boys, but his protests fell on deaf ears.

STUDIO RESTAURANT IS SOLD BY MR. AND MRS. T. L. EDLER

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Edler announced yesterday that they had sold the Studio Restaurant on Dolores street to Harry Mallinger of Ventura who has taken possession of the popular eating place. Mallinger has been a restaurant man for a number of years.

Miss Rotti's Program Promises Rare Treat

IT LOOKS like a big time for lovers of the dance when Adeline Rotti presents "Confetti—Bits of the Dance" at the Theatre of the Golden Bough this Friday and Saturday nights. Miss Rotti, who is the instructor in dancing and rhythm in the summer school of the Golden Bough, is nationally recognized as an interpretative dancer of rare merit and charm and in many cities of the country she has gained fame in her direction of dance pageants. She leaves shortly for St. Louis where she will have charge of the principal pageantry figures of the city's annual society revel.

In the program which she is presenting at the Golden Bough this Friday and Saturday night she will feature Centella Essmueller, the sixteen-year-old girl, who last year made a sensation with her dancing in St. Louis. Miss Essmueller has been dancing since she was six years old and has studied under Kobeleff of New York and Adolf Bolm of Chicago.

There will also be several local girls and children in the ensemble which Miss Rotti will present, many of them her students during her courses at the summer school here.

There has been arranged an unusual program for "Confetti", a great deal of which will have a local appeal. The "Gawpy Ballet" will be a special feature of the program as will also the number entitled, "Ocean Avenue". Then Miss Rotti, herself, will dance several numbers.

All in all, a widely diversified program has been arranged, ranging from the frivolous to the classic in dancing, from the intricate to the simple. Carmel has a treat in store for it in "Confetti".

HUMANE SOCIETY BENEFIT AT MANZANITA THEATER SATURDAY

Tickets are on sale this week for the benefit show to be given at the Manzanita Theater this Saturday afternoon for the Carmel Humane Society. The pictures to be shown are "Why Worry" with Harold Lloyd starring, and "Rose of the World" with Patsy Ruth Miller.

The showing of the pictures has been granted to the society without charge by William Cunnigham and the entire proceeds are to go to the organization.

The tickets will be on sale at The Seven Arts and at the Game Cock and also by members of the society.

Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number Seven

BROWNIE OVERSTRI ET! Gory hero of many a Main Str t battle! One-time terror of the co ntryside! Now he's old and gouty and rhe matic, got high blood-pressure and hardenin of the arteries,

and one paw is on the blink, but even yet he is taken out for his airing on a stout leash.

His owner, W. L. Overstreet, in an interview, says:

"Fourteen years ago we found him on the beach. His ancestry is doubtful. It may be that he never had any, but we suspect that he came from up the Valley.

"But apropos of his physical prowess," went on the proud owner, "He always knows an enemy before he can ev n smell him—that sixth sense, you know"—. He'd be under the type case and w en his ancient enemy, the Stoney dog, with Stoney and his mules, came around the co ner, Brownie'd bristle and growl."

"How about Teddy Goold ," we ventured.

"Oh!" A shadow crossed Mr. Overstreet's face. "They fought all th time. Teddy was too belligerent—God rest his soul—although Charlie Goold always claims that Brownie insisted on growling as he passed Teddy. That started the battle.

"Anyway," concluded Bill, "Brownie is one of our family, and he's my best friend and most loyal comrade."

We also have many recollections of Brownie's devotion, his intelligence. We've had many a chase with him on the beach after seagulls—we've stumbled over him in the old Pine Cone office on Ocean avenue—we've stopped the presss until we could bathe his wounds—and we've caught his fleas for him.

May he live long and finally find a rest in the dog heaven for all faithful souls.

—Daisy Bostick

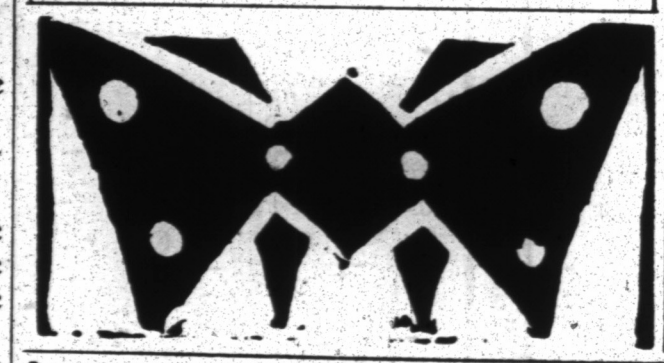
THE CYMBAL OFFERS ITSELF FOR TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

From now until September 1 you may obtain a year's subscription to the Cymbal for $2.00 provided that the subscription is given direct to us and paid in advance.

This is in furtherance of our plan to inaugurate a "charter list" of subscribers, granting to all those who take advantage of this offer to obtain for all time in the future a year's subscription to The Cymbal.

It is also, of course, retroactive, and all who are at present paid subscribers to the paper, through the payment of $2.25 for a six-months' subscription, or $4 for a year's subscription under the regular rates, will have their subscription term automatically extended to twice the period for which they have paid. Previously paid subscriptions for three months will not, however, be so extended.

But it should not be assumed that The Cymbal has reduced its subscription price. That price is four dollars a year, or two and one-quarter dollars for six months, and the paper will be obtainable only at these rates after September 1 by any new subscribers. Until that date, however, you are offered a year's subscription for two dollars, placing you on the charter list of subscribers of Carmel's weekly newspaper.



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WHOOO . . . . WHOOO . . . . "SHOW BOAT is coming round the bend!" That was the event of the year on the old Mississippi. Edna Ferber's SHOW BOAT comes to your town August 20th. It'll be a national event.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

Adventures in Eating Out

Number Eleven

OUTSIDE in the darkness the mournful hoot of an owl in an old apple orchard and the murmur of the sea on a near-by lonely shore—inside, friendly candlelight, flowers, the gray stones of a mammoth fire-place, solid beams in a low ceiling, tiny windows in ancient adobe walls of fort-ress-like thickness, a rough tile floor. Just at the foot of the hill below the Mission, where the road swings around to cross the Carmel Valley on its way to the Highlands, is a little low, tile-roofed adobe building. It used to be, many years ago, the home of the agricul-turist connected with the Carmelite mission under Father Serra, founder of the California missions; now it is a charming tea room where you may have lunch or dinner, or din-ner and dance!

To talk of food in a place where the romance of the past lurks in every tile and wrought iron hinge may seem like striking a jarring note, but we are frank to admit that we enjoy the charm of historic atmosphere while we're being served a delightful dinner more than when we're trailing wearily about listening to a guide and distracted by the pangs of hunger! To sit comfortably at a little table in the soft glow of candles (not unmindful, if you are of the feminine gender that candlelight makes you look your best!) with the crackling of pine logs furnishing a pleasant accompaniment to your conversa-tion and the pauses therein—that, we main-tain, is our idea of enjoying local history!

A BIT THICK

(Miss Ethel Dale has been awarded the prize for the most perfect ankles in the United States. Their perfection is attrib-uted to the fact that she neither dances nor plays games.)

PHYLLIS, the gods who grudge mankind
Uninterrupted peace of mind
Have given you the sort of looks
That don't occur except in books:
Eyes like the sea, a piquant nose,
A mouth that shames the budding rose,
A supple figure, round but slim,
A more than gracious nether limb,
And, last, a pair of perfect ankles—
At least, they were, and that's what rankles.
For when I see you in your rare way
Belting a snorter up the fairway,
Or banging aces down the alleys
With boundings lighter than the ballet's,
Or in the Charleston's mazy throes
Contorting agile knees and toes,
"That girl," I murmur with a sigh,
"Will have thick ankles by-and-by;
And she whose calves would else have shown
Shapely as Cytherea's own
Will fail to win the beauty prize
Owing to too much exercise."

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SOCIETY

MISS TILLY POLAK entertained for Miss Betty Merle Horst and Miss Ruth Austin at dinner Friday evening. The guests included Peter Fredericksen and Arthur Bragg. Later Miss Esther Waite,s Thomas La Farge and Hendrik Hagemeyer joined the party and music and dancing were enjoyed.

* * *

Mrs. Harold Egan entertained at lunch at the Carmel Tea Garden on August 10. The guests included the Mesdames Starkey, King, McNabb, Ingham, Le Garde, Boise, Seifert, Snyder, Cheney, Slocum, Le Garde, Sr., Lambert, Teake, Rukke, and Miss Ruth Cassidy.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Todd entertained after the performance of "King Dodo" Saturday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Durham, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mrs. Hilda Argo, Mrs. Eliot Coburn, Mrs. Louise Wilson, Miss Vivian Foree, Messrs G. Y. Williams, Winsor Josselyn, O. J. Cope, and Talbert Josselyn.

* * *

Mrs. Madge Morrow gave a Spanish tea in the garden of her home at Carmel Highlands, at which the guests appeared in Spanish costume. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Wittman, Mrs. Mollendyke, Mrs. Edward Kluegel, Mrs. Kilpatrick, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Brinton, Mrs. George Stone, Mrs. E.H. Tickle, Miss Ada Howe Kent and Miss Ella Shaw.

* * *

Miss Blanche Bates who has finished a co-starring engagement with Margaret Anglin at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco, is the guest of Miss Anglin in Carmel during the production of "Caroline" at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. Miss Anglin and her manager, Mr. Hull, motored down with Miss Bates, who is Mrs. George Creel in private life, and they are stopping at Pine Inn.

* * *

Mrs. Helen Wilson entertained for the following guests on Sunday evening: Miss Katharine Cooke, Miss Marcelle Radgesky, Mr. Ernest Schweninger, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Lewis.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flanders gave a barbecue on Point Lobos last week in honor of the officials of the East Bay Water Company of Oakland who came down to inspect the Hatton Fields Water system put in by the Stephen Smith Co. Those present were Stephen Smith, Fred J. Klaus, George Holley, L. L. Farrell, Miss Ruth Austin, Miss Katharine Cooke, Mrs. Yodee Remien, Mrs. Helen Wilson, Miss Marcelle Radgesky, Mr. and Mrs, Richard Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Turner and Mr. Ernest Schweninger.

* * *

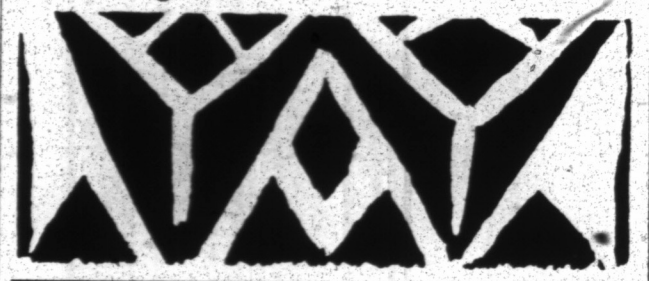
Mrs. Archie Tinning gave a tea on Wednesday at her home on Casanova street. Among the guests were Mrs. Hobart Glassell, Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt, Mrs. Ursula Johnson, Mrs. Tad Stinson, Mrs. Robert Bentley, Mrs. James Noyes, Mrs. Marian Fitzhugh, Mrs. Ralph Todd and Mrs. Eliot Coburn.

* * *

Miss Grace Gantt of Berkeley who is in her Carmel home for a few weeks entertained the following guests over the week-end: her sister, Mrs. A. H. Rose, and daughter Helen from St. Louis, Dr. George Frenzil and Lincoln Batcheller.

* * *

Mrs. Madge Morrow entertained at a dinner party in her home at the Highlands on Saturday evening. Her guests were Miss Caroline Kimball, Miss Roberta Wasson, Mrs. Marian Brinton, Miss Hazel Watrous, Miss Ethel Denny, Mrs. Walter Catlett and Mrs. George Stone.



PERSONAL MENTION

A DAUGHTER was born to Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Bates at the Ellen Wood Hospital, Pacific Grove, on Saturday August 14.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Bullott of San Jose are in Carmel for a vacation. They have Miss Chrissie Taft's cottage.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt motored to San Francisco on Friday, returning to Carmel the folowing day. They have taken the George Seideneck cottage on Monte Verde and Eighth and expect to remain in Carmel through the winter.

* * *

Frederick McConnell was in Carmel for a few days on a vacation. He returned to Palo Alto on Saturday.

* * *

Mrs. Margaret Rowley will have as her guests for an extended stay her son Major John A. Robenson and his wife. Major Robenson, who is a polo player of note, has been stationed in Santa Fe.

* * *

G. Y. Williams is now associated with the Robert G. Stanton Real Estate Company of Carmel.

* * *

Mrs. Sophie Marshall of Palo Alto is staying in her house on Carmelo for an indefinite visit here.

* * *

Miss Elsa Blackman and Miss Edna Owings returned to Berkeley last week, after a two weeks' visit to Carmel during which many social affairs were given in their honor.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ed O'Day were recent visitors in Carmel and Pebble Beach.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Turner, who have just returned from a trip East, are staying with their daughter, Mrs. Mark Daniels, until the middle of October.

* * *

Mrs. Elsie Lincoln Benedict of the Highlands, is leaving for an extended lecture tour in Australia.

* * *

Mrs. Paxton Howard is visiting Miss Frances Taylor.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. William McVean of Fresno have taken one of the Yates' houses for a couple of months.

* * *

Miss Esther South and Miss Antrobus of Alhambra were recent visitors of Miss Tilly Polak. Miss South and Miss Antrobus are concert singers and also conduct an art shop in Alhambra.

* * *

Major and Mrs. J. W. Stillwell of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, who have been spending some time in Carmel, have left for China where Major Stillwell who has a thorough knowledge of the Chinese language, will fill an important position.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. G. McMinn are here from the South for a weeks. While in Carmel they are occupying the Brown cottage.

* * *

Mrs. Madge Tooey and her mother, Mrs. G. Ellis, have taken the Cofer house for the summer.

* * *

Miss Tilly Polak is in San Francisco for a few days visiting Dr. Amelia Gates who is staying at the Women's Athletic Club.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson Bishop have moved into their new home in Pebble Beach.

* * *

Mrs. Earl T. Riley and her son Ralph of San Francisco have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burns of Pebble Beach.

* * *

Miss Betty Downey is the guest of Miss Dorothy Burns in Pebble Beach.

* * *

Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan and her sons Curtis and Dion returned to their home in San Francisco after a visit of several weeks in Carmel with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hooper.

* * *

Mrs. M. V. Cook, Jr. and family from San Luis Obispo are in the Heathorne cottage for a few weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John McKee have gone to San Francisco to purchase furnishings for their new home on San Antonio and Tenth.

* * *

Mrs. Arnold Waybur is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Charles Stanton.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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Notes and Comment

THE CYMBAL SUGGESTS that those who own property affected by the proposed wholesale raise in assessment valuations investigate the matter immediately and decide quickly whether or not they will add their protest to those now raised against the action. There is not time to cogitate on the matter. There is so often a tendency to delay in such important muicipal affairs and later bemoan one's dilatory tactics. The already avowed protestants present an inspiring list and they are men and women who lay justifiable claim to be heard in whatever they have to say in the conduct of government and in regard to the acts of those who officially conduct it. And it looks to us as though something should be done by the property owners in this matter. When John B. Jordan, who sits at the head of the table when Trustee Wood meets, says that the proposed raise is necessary in order to provide more money to run the city and the Trustee counters with the statement that it isn't for any such purpose but for something different again, it is justifiable for the people to wonder if the city government has any clear idea what it is doing and why. Fenton P. Foster made a great success of a darned poor musical comedy. He proved again a high degree of executive ability. Now that he is a potential city trustee we suggest that he actually be one. If it is to be a one man government, why not let it be his. We suspect him of having a sense of humor, a human ingredient that is pitifully lacking and sorely needed in the city hall right now.

* * *

ONE DAY an automobile slowed down on the highway a few miles outside of San Francisco and an astonished, unbelieving dog was thrown out on the road. The automobile, containing objects resembling human beings sped away. Horrible, isn't it?

Every once in a while a family comes to Carmel for a vacation and brings with it the little faithful dog the baby insisted should be included in the vacationing. And then that family, after a week or two, sneaks out of the front door and returns to its permanent home, leaving the trusting dog on the back porch. That's just as horrible, isn't it?

The Carmel Humane Society hasn't time to consider just how horrible it is, but it takes the outcast dog and cares for it and feeds it and tries to find a home for it where it will be appreciated and actually make the exigencies of life more bearable for human beings who have need now and then of a companion who doesn't talk, but lets its actions of faithfulness and trust speak louder than words.

The Carmel Humane Society needs money to do this and if it happens ever that you give money occasionallly for the furtherance of whatever unselfish goodness there is in this bleak world, you can do no better than to give some of it to the Carmel Humane Society. There is an opportunity offered you this week along these lines. William Cunningham has offered the society the freedom of the Manzanita theater for this Saturday afternoon and a showing of two very good films. You can see these for what you are willing to give the humane society, for the organization will get the entire proceeds of the sale of tickets. You can buy these tickets at The Seven Arts or the Game Cock or from members of the society.

PLANTS MAY have feelings, but it's only the grapefruit that talks back". We were reminded of this witticism recently on reading in the New York Times a lengthy article with the date-line "Oxford, England", telling of the tremendous impression created there by the demonstrated discoveries of Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, "Hindu savant", in relation to the re-actions of plants to material forces. According to the Hindu scientist, who has been accorded the doubtful encomiums of knighthood, he has discovered that what we have been led to believe are inanimate things do actually feel and suffer violence. They have "hearts that beat" and "blood that flows", and, says the Times correspondent, a big conclave of English science students believe the gentleman. He doesn't, however, come off so well with recognized authorities in the realm of botanists, as attest the following editorial in the New York Herald-Tribune, in which Dr. D. T. MacDougal of Carmel is credited with throwing the most potent monkey-wrench into the mental machinery of the scientific knight:

The adulation which the Oxford gathering heaped this week on Sir Jagadis Bose and his "heart beats" of plants, if not an actual scandal to British science, is at least a noticeable smudge on its escutcheon. It is unnecessary to impugn Dr. Bose's motives or his belief in his own conclusions. The point is that they are so completely and fantastically wrong.

So far as we have been able to learn no plant physiologist of real distinction in any country of the globe has risen to second Dr. Bose's astonishing findings. American leaders of this science are unanimously against him in private; most of them in public. Dr. Daniel T. MacDougal, the foremost American authority on the movements and nature of the sap in plants, ridicules Dr. Bose's supposed "heart beats" as mere physical quiverings accompanying any mechanical disturbance of such spongy and glue-like substances as exist in plant tisues. "It would be equally justifiable," writes Dr. MacDougal, "to take the click of car wheels on the rails as constituting the motor forces which propel a train."

The recognition which Dr. Bose has received, culminating in his knighthood, apparently proceeds either from scientists whose specialties lie in other branches of knowledge or from politicians who welcome opportunity to honor distinguished members of the alien races which England has added to her empire. Dr Bose is an Indian. It would be wrong to criticize the persons responsible for this recognition. To any one not thoroughly familiar with the anatomy and physiology of plants, the Bose experiments are impressive. An injured or poisoned plant is made to draw wavy lines on a chart, quite as does the beating human heart. What one must remember is that it is just as possible to produce similar lines for a ticking watch, for water drying out of a wet towel, for the action of vinegar on a hard-boiled egg and for a thousand simi-

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

A SUGGESTION FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ART ALLIANCE

WHATCHA wanta give her a picture for? She's got one." The day may come when the good old joke can be told in this amended form, and it will have as sharp a point as it has to-day when it is applied to books.

Pictures in the home are taking their rightful place alongside books in the home. They have the same sort of power to entertain, stimulate, soothe and educate. And more of us are realizing, too, that we need a change of pictures just as we need a change in reading. The same print on the same wall, however good, may become so familiar that you hardly notice it. Persons who own many pictures do well to change them about from season to season. For the less fortunate, who have few good pictures, or none, there is a new and excellent idea growing up in Philadelphia. It is a "circulating picture club". From it you borrow original pictures precisely as you borrow books from a public library, except that you may keep them longer. Eventually you take them back, unless you fall in love with them and buy them.

The Philadelphia Art Alliance has done well to give this plan a good start. It offers obvious possibilities for wider development. Picture-lending could be readily organized, not only in cities where there are artists in whose studios originals are languishing, but also in smaller places, where picture-hungry folks would gladly learn to borrow, and keep in circulation, good reproductions competently chosen.

—From The Woman's Home Companion

ROBERTA BALFOUR
MODERN ART STUDIO
Seventh and Lincoln Carmel

"THE VERDICT OF BRIDLEGOOSE"

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

IN THIS BOOK Llewelyn Powys gives us an Englishman's impression of America. It is not the verdict of the ordinary man, but of one whose sensitivity has been increased by sickness. For this reason his writing has been severely criticized but if it is to illness that we owe his quick response to beauty and to ugliness, his intuition and his clear penetration, then we may indeed be glad that he is not a normal healthy man. The fore-shadowing of death has made life strangely vivid to him and has stripped it clear of illusions.

The Powys family has its roots deep in English tradition. Of the eleven children, three are writers—Theodore, John and Llewlyn, and most of them are talented in some way or another. William Cowper belongs in the family tree. The father was a minister of the Church of England, and the mother a woman of culture with "a gift of sorrow". They are all very loyal to the family. They dedicate their books to one another. Here and there through Llewelyn's books we find loving references to his brothers—especially to John. Lydia Gibson told him he had a "brother complex".

It was seventeen years ago when Llewelyn Powys suddenly discovered that he had tuberculosis. It came as a great shock, but instead of crushing him it seemed to increase his mental powers. With death yawning before him, life began to dance tauntingly on the rim of the abyss and he spent the interval trying to catch that bright elusive figure. Sometimes the chase was thrilling and he would forget how close to the edge he must run. But ever and anon he would tire of it and sit motionless, brooding over his inevitable doom.

He has been called a pessimist and a morbid invalid but whatever he may be he has the rare power of heightening the consciousness of the reader. He lifts the attention away from the daily round of petty happenings to things of vaster significance. "Consider the effect upon one's spirits of a Socony Station stained with oil, of the concentrated banality of radio-broadcasting, of automobiles and of cement boulevards they traverse. and let us be grateful that though our kind can outrage the virginal surface of the earth. yea! and the pure atmosphere around it with every kind of abomination it is still incapable of tampering even in the least degree, with the august progression of the moon; still less with the punctual bands of Orion"!

"The Verdict of Bridlegoose" is not really a criticism of America. It is rather a detached study of a country where he suffered and was intensely happy in turns but where at least he was not allowed to stagnate. "It remains a land essentially disenthralled, where half the shackles cloying free movement have been broken, and where, though it may be only skin-deep a certain casual nonchalant good-humor, tough as the rind of pumpkins, does reciprocate the spaciousness of the air."

While in California Llewelyn Powys stayed in Sausalito and in San Francisco where he met many famous Californians. George Sterling took him to Dr. Abrams' clinic to be diagnosed and treated. The diagnosis was correct and the treatment cured him for two years. He was not completely convinced about Abrams, but gave him the benefit of the doubt. Anyway, he says, "I like quacks. I feel sympathetic toward them and believe in them. On my soul I'd as soon see an honest Nic Culpeper at my bedside as half a dozen doctors with their heads stuffed full of academic ewe's wool."

On returning to New York he made many contacts with people whose names are familiar to us. Of these his meeting with Edna St. Vincent Millay was one of the most magical. He has dedicated the present book to her—"a leprechaun among poets". Just before he left for England he met her again and wrote of her as follows: "She possessed the same fragile appearance, the same brittle shell-like, petal-like appearance that had always set me marvelling. And her lovely leprechaun eyes, yellow-green in color, had the same strange light in them that I had observed at first, like the light of baffled mistrust in the eyes of an infinitely desirable mermaiden who finds a crowd of alien creatures looking down at her through a glass-bottomed boat in some deep seaweed-waving, rock-engrottoed pool near the coral cliffs of Bermuda."

His meeting with Orage and his skeptical yet wistful attitude towards what he had to say, is very self-revealing. "Orage came to tea at Patchin Place one afternoon, and discoursed wisely upon many obscure matters that had to do with the theories of the new cult. But I felt that nothing he could say could make me believe, so rooted were my two feet, even to my own satisfaction, in the heavy soil of the flower-growing, dung-strewn earth which knows nought of ghosts. Yet I could not fail to be impressed by the conclusions come to by this most brilliant philosopher, whose mind is so vehemently set upon rejecting any black-handed behaviorist theory of life, a philosopher looking like a boy in Dr. Arnold's Sixth Form at Rugby who had found, beyond all expectation, a rare white-plumed pigeon in his ink-stained desk."

Another sudden onslaught of his disease drove Powys from the city to spend a winter in the Catskill mountains. Here in his poignant way he soliloquizes on life and death, "the silent workings of the sidereal heavens", the antics of a skunk, the recurrence of spring, the eclipse of the sun. Nothing is too small or too great to demand his attention and this, combined with a divine gift of communication, has made him the writer that he is.

"Say it with Flowers"

LET US SAY IT ONCE MORE

Can you really say it any better to anyone than with flowers—our exquisite flowers. The right kind of flowers speak more than words; that's a fact. We know ours do. Why not order our kind for a change.

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TWO LETTERS

EDITOR THE CYMBAL
My dear Sir:

As I wrote for the Examiner for several years the mistake of the delightful young lady who interviewed me the other day is quite understandable. My very good friend and exceedingly able co-worker Redfern Mason is still music editor of the Examiner and wil,l I trust, long continue to be.

May I compliment you on the excellence of your paper. In style, editorial policy and splendid make-up it is a genuine pleasure to anybody interested in newspapers.

Very truly yours,
MOLLIE MERRICK
Music Critic San Francisco Bulletin.

Bohemian Club
San Francisco

DEAR BASSETT:
Let me congratulate you on the publication of Jeffers beautiful sonnet. There is no eastern magazine that would not have been glad to accept it.

Sincerely
GEORGE STERLING

ON "KING DODO"

By W. K. BASSETT

WITH A COMIC OPERA that wasn't much in its best days and which has degenerated considerably with time Fenton P. Foster of Carmel and Goldstein and company of San Francisco made a great success at the Forest Theater last week-end. Someone remarked after the show Saturday night that last year the success of Foster's offering to the gaiety of nations was provided by John Pavilla and Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. Although I did not see the production of "The Mikado" here, I know it and have seen it elsewhere and remembering Pavilla's courageous attempts to do something for the ghost of Pixley in last week's "King Dodo" I can easily imagine what he must have been able to do with the famous G. and S. character which has a great deal in it to start with.

And yet "King Dodo" was an admirable production. I am told that all in all it was better than "The Mikado". I credit this victory to the rare ability of Fenton Foster for organization and musical direction and to the fine sense of the spectacular possessed by Eva Bickle who chose the costumes.

It may be difficult to substantiate the charge that "King Dodo" isn't much as an opera when one is forced to admit that there is quite a deal of good music in the thing, but I parry with the contention that there should be something behind the music and I'll wager that Pavilla will agree with me. But the music and those who played it and sang it were Foster's contribution to the success of Eva Bickle's costumes and a rare contribution it was. One could have sat there in the fog far into the night and heard and re-heard Carroll Sandholdt in his sweetheart song, Marion Hawley and the chorus in the bumble bee song, Sandholt, Doris Wood, Mrs. Hawley and Lucille Fox in the kitten song. And the orchestra overtures were extremely pleasing and repeatable. The figures (referring just now to the marches) of the chorus were particularly well executed and with a smoothness and snap that attests to the talent of Katharine Cooke in stage directing. The chorus singing also had pep and volume (score Foster) and the principals did as well with the "book" as the "book" would permit.

In this regard of course the palm goes to Pavilla whose agility and characterization were high lights in the comedy, but Elliot Durham's "Dr. Fizz" was an exceptionally fine piece of work. The topical turns to his songs and those of Pavilla were enthusiastically received.

And "King Dodo" accomplished what "Arms and the Man" and Hamlet failed to do; it filled the Forest Theater for two nights. What sort of a commentary this is on the taste and intelligence of the public let Foster put his tongue in his cheek and say--I have other controversies.

THOMAS BEER WRITES FROM CALIFORNIA

THEY GO FAR to make life agreeable for the little moneyed here. You sign your name on a pink slip, pay one hundred dollars down and become the nominal owner of a huge motor car instanter, call up a Homeworker's Exchange and find yourself served by a competent Chinese cook and a chauffeur within three hours of arrival. The local tennis club accepts you on proposal of a friend without waiting five weeks to discover who you are and it relieves you to find that you can eat without paying a fortune for the privilege in the best restaurants of San Francisco. The wolf at least sits on the doorstep wagging his tail and wearing a pretty collar with a silver bell on its lock. Meanwhile Leland Stanford's tomb is just as I left it in 1924 and, at the goldfish nursery in Los Altos, they still have a statue of Theodore Roosevelt in magenta concrete brooding above the pools in which the dams are hatching the ancestors of all the goldfish in all the pools yet to be built by ladies from Iowa who've always wanted a goldfish pool in the garden and keep masons busy building them. . . . Other news there is none. Oh, yes! I had to buy a copy of "The Mauve Decade" in San Francisco the other day to send to a remote aunt in Oregon and the girl at — — told me, "You won't like that. It's fearfully heavy. . . . "

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NEW FALL MODELS OF THE LATEST STYLES ON DISPLAY - SIZES 14 TO 44. AFTERNOON, EVENING AND SPORT COSTUMES. . . . .

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A NEW SHIPMENT OF THESE BRIGHT, COLORFUL PRINTS HAS JUST ARRIVED. SPLENDID FOR CURTAINS, DRAPES, AND COUCH COVERS . . . . ALSO MAKES UNUSUAL AND CHARMING SUMMER DRESSES FOR GARDEN AND HOUSE. . . THIS BATIK IS SUNPROOF AND WASHABLE. PRICE $1.85 A YARD.

COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH
CARMEL

CHILDREN OF THE MOON

By LOUISE WALCOTT

FROM THE MOON we came * * * and to the Moon we must return."

Out from beyond the curtain of the fog into the fire-lit room of the Atherton home, love came to Jane, the last of the Athertons. It changed her from a sensitive child, making her a woman, strong to resist the selfish demands of her stormy, unreasonable mother.

When, in spite of old Grandmere's appeals, her mother crushed her, love carried her away, back through the fog to the Moon-world where dreams are born, and where our dreams go when they die.

If the hot sun gives life and harvest time, and full-blown flowers, it is the Moon who gathers up the seas; draws our souls from us, remakes lost worlds that we have longed for; and gives us those hours of peace that pass day's understanding.

This play of Martin Flavin's is emotionally the strongest that the Arts and Crafts theater has ever planned to produce. It has been given longer rehearsal and will be doubly directed by George Ball and Frank Sheridan working together.

It is a story of kindness and cruelty; dead level and high adventure; great love and hateful littleness.

The stage is the coast below Carmel, the curtain is the fog, slowly gathering before our eyes until it hides—the end.

Maybe the players themselves are Children of the Moon for they are working to bring back to Carmel something of the dreams Carmel once had, the love of beauty, and the spirit that creates.

CYMBALINE SEES CARMEL

"WELL," said Cymbaline, "in Carmel things do seem to change so rapidly that I begin to feel that I can lay claim to being an old-timer! I've been here only a few months, but I can already say I remember when the Cinderella Shop was over in the Hand building and when the Bloomin' Basement was a flower shop. I can reminisce about the good old days when Gus and Beauty were all the police force we needed and us ordinary folks hadn't learned to spell Amy 'Aimee'. I can remember when there was more than one vacant lot on Dolores between Ocean avenue and Seventh—"

"Which reminds me, have you seen the new Jasmine Bush shop?" I inquired, "the name has always attracted me and I have often intended to go and look around there, before they moved—but somehow I didn't. I'm so glad they've come to Dolores street where it's easy to drop in on your way to the post office."

"Yes," said Cymbaline, 'and it's almost easier to step in than not, the door is so conveniently close to the sidewalk and there are such tempting things in the window. I didn't dare stay long for the very reason that I saw so many things I wanted! The embroidered voile and silk dresses from the Philippines are the daintiest things you can imagine—that beautiful, exquisitely fine needlework is something that never loses its appeal for me! . . . There are things from Algeria

and Tunis and Sardinia and Czecho-Slovakia and I don't know what other geographically remote spots of the globe! Leather pillows from the Orient embroidered in silver and gold, and odd pottery in lovely soft colors—and so many other fascinating little things that I expect to spend a lot more time there before I really know all there is in the Jasmine Bush!

"And talking about changes," went on Cymbaline, "did you ever see anything like the way that vine in the court of the Seven Arts has flourished? It simply galloped up the stairway, it seems to me."

"The whole court, with its flowers and shrubs, looks as if it had been in existence for years, instead of less than one year."

"While I was there, looking at the magazines, I heard a woman ask Mrs. Heron if she knew who owned the McPherson cottage'," said Cymbaline, "and when Mrs. Heron said no, she explained, 'Well, I'm not interested in the Aimee affair but I'd like to find the man who planted those sweet peas in the garden'."

MEMBER OF "RAIN" COMPANY PAYS VISIT TO CARMEL

Miss Sara Enright of New York has been in Carmel visiting Mrs. Arthur T. Shand. Miss Enright, who was formerly with the Theater Guild and has appeared in many of the most successful plays, is understudying all the women's roles in "Rain", the play starring Jeanne Eagels, which is just beginning three weeks return engagement in San Francisco. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Shand entertained at tea in honor of Miss Enright. The guests were Mrs. Chapel Judson, Miss Helen Judson, Mrs. Lee Watson, Mrs. Eugene Watson, Mrs. Elliott Durham, Mrs. Sara Deming, Mrs. C. L. Conlon, Mrs. P. K. Gordon and Mrs. Eva Bickle.

HEATH ANDERSON WATER COLORS TO BE SHOWN AT ARTS AND CRAFTS

Water colors by Miss Heath Anderson are to be shown at Arts and Crafts hall next Sunday.

Miss Anderson, a San Francisco girl and former student of the California School of Arts and Crafts in Berkeley, recently won first prize for her poster in a contest sponsored by the state humane society. The winning poster is now in the competition for the national prize.

Her water colors have received wide recognition. She is a member of the Berkeley League of Fine Arts and of the San Francisco Federation of Women Artists

Arts and Crafts Theater

presents

the Pacific Coast Premiere

of

"The Children of The Moon"

By Martin Flavin

Friday and Saturday - September 3 and 4

Producing Director

GEORGE M. BALL

PROPERTY OWNERS PROTEST RAISE

PROPERTY OWNERS of Carmel are preparing to make a definite and concerted protest at the meeting of the city board of trustees on the evening of August 24 against the proposal to increase the assessment valuations throughout the city from 20 to 50 per cent. Following the announcement of the trustees, sitting as a board of equalization, that the raise in assessments was proposed, a group of property owners was called together by C. O. Goold, former trustee, and it was decided to appeal to all those holding land in Carmel to aid in the protest against the action of the board. As the result of the meeting the following letter was sent out to property owners:

"The trustees of our city propose to raise our real estate valuations for assessment purposes from fifty to one hundred per cent approximately.

"This will probably be followed by a similar raise in our valuations by the county of Monterey.

"This will practically double our taxes,

"If you are interested you will find petitions to the trustees opposing this raise at The Seven Arts, Curtis Candy Store and Goold's Stage Office.

"It will be too late to sign these petitions after Saturday, August 21.

"This is vital. Do not delay. Do it now. And tell out-of-town property owners."

The letter was signed by nineteen of the heaviest property owners in the city.

Th petitions, which are being signed readily, read as follows:

"To the Honorable Board of Trustees of Carmel-by-the-Sea:

"We, the undersigned property owners of Carmel-by-the-Sea, do hereby protest the proposed raise in assessed valuations on real estate as per map on file in the office of the city clerk, for the following reasons:

"1. The proposed raise is excessive, unjust and uncalled for and is most liable to be followed by a similar raise by the county.

"2. Because the assessment roll was equalized and raised a year ago about $600,000 which gave the city approximately $6,000 more annual revenue than previously collected.

"3. Because building is going on at the rate of about $300,000 yearly which brings $3,000 additional revenue each year. This with $2,000 collected for business licenses raises the fund approximately to $27,000 which should be and is ample for all needs if judiciously expended."

This petition will be presented to the board on the night of August 24 when it is expected that a large number of property owners will be present.

ADVERTISERS, LIKE POETS, HAVE LICENSE

THERE MUST BE some sort of "advertiser's license" akin to the w. k. poet's ditto. Especially does this appear to be so in the publications across the water. We always enjoy studying English advertising, it's so full of surprises. The English are very ingenious indeed in bringing together widely separated thoughts. It is a not uncommon experience, though it may startle you, to find that a story headed "Curiosity" ends as an advertisement for a toothbrush! A poem starting on the subject of gentle summer zephyrs turns into a dignified piece of copy on the merits of pipe tobacco. You never can tell. The English copy writer slings his "non sequiturs" with cheerful nonchalance and a guileless faith in the cleverness of his appeal to the public heart. And just to show what they can do with a product like coal tar soap, they write a little essay on

"fascination" and hitch the two together! The illustration of this particular advertising gem shows a little girl dressed up in her mother's kimono, parading in front of a little boy who sits on the floor and regards her with a most unboylike smile of tolerant admiration. The story reads:

"Mother's fan and Mother's bathrobe—what a sight to set hearts afire and eyes a-longing!

"Yet children are not over susceptible to the pleasures of the eye—the other senses are perhaps more open to temptation.

"Watch a youngstr lured to his evening ablutions by the promise of a cake of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, and see the fascinating smell of the soap defeating, inch by inch, a certain natural disinclination to wash.

"This is fascination indeed!"

That is a sample of the way the English advertiser works. Life in an advertising agency must be simple—just try getting a piece of copy like that past the chief of the copy department in any big American agency if you don't think so!

—D. C.

Another one of our popular fallacies has been struck the blow of cold scientific fact. An article in the Scientific Monthly on the progress of public health in China states: ". . .Diligent search in China does not reveal any knowledge of this practice among the Chinese" —the "practice" referred to being the popularly believed custom of paying the doctor to keep the patient well and not paying him when the patient falls ill. Oh well, we still have those stories about the hundred-year-old eggs and the birds'nests they use for food.

It sorta makes us wonder about nothing in particular when we learn that a lady named Ethel Seale was chosen secretary for the San Francisco Aquarium Society!

Theatre of The Golden Bough

BEN LEGERE

in a dramatic reading of

"They Knew What They Wanted"

By Sidney Howard

The comedy of California life that won the Pulitzer Prize for 1925.

Tuesday, August 24 - 8:30

Prices 75c and $1.00 **Tax Included**

ADELINE ROTTI

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CONFETTI—*Bits of the Dance*

Featuring

CENTELLA ESSMUELLER
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August 20 and 21
Friday and Saturday at 8:30 P. M.
Tickets 75c and $1.00

Theatre of The Golden Bough

SLASHES OF LIFE

By Robert Welles Ritchie

THE FIDDLING MAN

NOT LONG AGO there came to my hands a great stack of letters written over a period of years by a devoted missionary named Hoare, who gave the best part of his life in the effort to make the lives of simple folk of the frozen north more tolerable. His own sacrifice was terminated by the supreme one of a tragic death in the lonely outpost of Cape Hope, on the northern Alaska coast.

In one of these letters the Rev. Mr. Hoare revealed something of a strange and dreadful mystery, the like of which has never fallen under my eye either in print or in real life. Several times I have found myself completely under the spell of this mystery and have attempted to build it into fiction, but failed. So here are the bare facts:

It was the break-up of the long Arctic winter and the Eskimo of Cape Hope were preparing for their great seal hunting when the ice floes should begin to drift down from the uncharted sea to northard. Lookouts were posted on the headlands to spy out the first rafting seal herds. They gazed out over a vacant ocean which had not known the keel of a ship since the coming of winter had locked all the sea lanes months before.

One day a scout saw a black speck far out in a lane of open water between ice sheets and came excitedly to Hoare's mission house for the telescope. With the Eskimo Hoare climbed the headland and swept the distant water lane with a powerful glass. He saw out there a small ship's dory with a man in it. The missionary at once dispatched two Eskimo in a skin kyak to thread the tricky channels and effect a rescue.

After many hours the natives returned. In the frail craft with them was a white man, or rather a man Hoare guessed once to have been white, so grimed with grease and furred with whiskers was his face. He sat bolt upright in the narrow cockpit of the Eskimo boat; a fiddle was tucked under his chin and he bowed a meaningless tune.

Hoare tried to greet him, first in English, then in German and the Eskimo dialect. The sea waif did not even recognize the presence of a white man there among the natives. His watery blue eyes were vacant; his mouth hung slackly open. He played on his fiddle an interminable, meaningless tune.

The fellow was quite mad.

Later the natives went out again to bring in the dory. There was no ship's name on it. Just a few ship's biscuits in a tin with no label on it, a great hunk of salt pork, a water butt, almost empty. The mad fiddler was absolutely without identity.

Get all the elements of mystery in this: Here in a deserted Bering Sea just freed from the chains of winter, many hundreds of miles north of Nome, nearest considerable settlement, an unnamed man is found floating in an unnamed boat and flinging out shrieking discords to the Arctic winds from a fiddle. Whence came he? Across the narrow sea was the untenanted bleakness of Siberia. Far—far to the north and around the great bend of Alaska's northernmost tip lay the missionary station of Point Barrow, the whalers' summer ground. But the castaway could not have drifted thence; winter storms would have overwhelmed him even if his frail dory

had not been caught in the jaws of the ice floes.

Hoare tried to draw from the crazed man some intelligible word to lift by ever so little the shroud of mystery. Not a word. The creature only uttered fretful childish cries when the missionary attempted to take his fiddle from him.

Followed for the gentle clergyman a most desperate ordeal. Before he could get out his power boat and take the lunatic down the coast to the settlements about Kotzebue Sound a wild storm whirled down from the north. Hoare and the fiddling man were imprisoned for weeks in the former's hut.

"When he was not asleep," the missionary wrote, "the mad fellow was playing on his fiddle. I was nearly driven to madness myself; but I did not break the fiddle for I believe if I had done so the poor creature would have died."

TURNS WITH A BOOKWORM

DR. WILLIAM E. BARTON, author of various books on Lincoln, is not without honor in his own family. . . While visiting Washington he took his grandchildren to see the Declaration of Independence, and the infants, having deciphered John Hancock's magnificent scrawl, went on down the list and said: "Now let's find grandpa's." . . . Dr. Barton had to admit with embarrassment that he was not one of the signers. . . . But the youngest child suggested cheerfully: "Grandpa has his fountain pen. Let him sign it now." . . . And did he? . . . The story as received by us forgot to say. . . .

Noel Jaquin, the author of "Scientific Palmistry," says that "the science of palmistry" can be used to detect disease. . . . Quite lately we met a man who showed us by his palm lines that he had been dead for years. . . . He said he hadn't paid any attention at the time it must have occurred, because he knew nothing of palmistry then, and when his "lines" were read he didn't know what to do about it. . . . We told him that as long as nobody else noticed it we thought it was all right just to keep on as usual.

—From New York Herald-Tribune

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and 8 other delicious food products. Ready to eat. . . .

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The Convergence of Fundamentalism and Evolution

By Professor G. T. W. PATRICK
University of Iowa
(Reprinted from the Scientific Monthly)

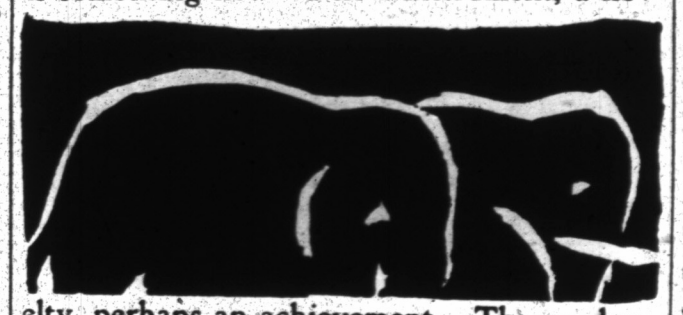
Chapter Five

IT SHOULD BE NOTICED finally that the insufficiency of the terminology of evolution has been shown equally in other fields of inquiry than in the plant and animal kingdoms. When we hear of astral, geological, atomic and societal evolution, we wonder just what content the word carries in these several fields. Herbert Spencer, to tb sure, devised a celebratd formula which he called evolution and which he thought hc could spread like a net over the operations of nature in every phase of its activity. Evolution, he said, is "an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion: during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." In the last century this was considered a brilliant generalization, explaining the meaning of evolution. It is now considered a rather empty formula, significant and interesting, to be sure, and true in a way, but not so universal or significant as Spencer thought. Certainly it has no claim to being a law of nature, since one would hesitate to use it in predicting the future in any field of inquiry. With our fuller knowledge now, I think we should say of Spencer's formula—If it be true, what of it? We may call this evolution, but we are no wiser than before. Spencer's identification of evolution with progress furthermore, no longer commands respect.

What content has the word evolution as applied to society? Recent schools of sociologists place much less emphasis than formerly upon the concept of societal evolution, and when they use the word they usually mean nothing more than that society changes in a certain orderly manner. Society does not unroll, neither are its movements well described by Spencer's formula. Society changes, and as we look back upon these changes we can detect a certain "design," not of course in the sense of something designed, but of something in which a certain unity and meaning can be discerned. When, therefore, sociologists persist in speaking of social evolution, it is rather from the force of habit or the tyranny of nineteenth century thought than from any special appropriateness of the word. Society does not unroll nor evolve; it is changed, enlarged, and sometimes perfected by the successive additions of new ideas and institutions, such for instance as the cinema, votes for women, the League of Nations, limitation of armaments.

One hears again of mental evolution, but if from our modern point of view we examine the process by which mind has come into the world of living organisms, we find that the word evolution fits it poorly. There is no evidence, for instance, that those fundamental elements of mind which we call conative tendencies, wishes impulses, those profound "energy influences seething and bubbling in the organism" **evolve** in any sense of the word. They seem rather like persisting appetites or cravings or aspirations seeking a goal. Neither does intelligence nor consciousness evolve.

Instincts are not potential in tropisms nor is adaptive behavior potential in instinct, nor is intelligence a more complex form of instinct. Intelligence, when it comes is something new—a new instrument, a novelty, perhaps an achievement. The mechanistic, Spencerian, Darwinian vocabulary of the nineteenth century does not fit the birth of mind, nor do the formulae of evolution illumine it. And then, of course, there are great spheres of reality where evolution is not present in any sense, such for instance as time and space and the laws of logic and mathematics and the laws of nature.



One hears also lately much about the evolution of matter. What does the word mean here? The discovery has been made that the atoms of certain elements of high atomic weight disintegrate into elements of lower atomic weight. The guess is ventured,therefore, that all the elements may be theoretically resolvable into a simple element, such as hydrogen, and the further guess is ventured that somewhere and sometime the reverse process may take place, so that from some simple element, such as hydrogen, all the other elements may arise, and presumably they will arise in the order of their atomic weight. To the latter process the name evolution has been applied. But it seems to be just the opposite of an evolutionary or unrolling process. It seems much more like a creative synthesis, an architectural enterprise. One looks instinctively for the architect.

In fact, not only in the creation of matter and in the birth of mind, but throughout the whole course of nature's expansion, the thought of the twentieth century seems to dwell on other aspects than those emphasized by Spencer and Darwin. Our interest is now centered more upon "formative forces," forces that are creative, cumulative and synthetic. "Organization" is a better word than "evolution." The new does not come from the old either by a process of unrolling or by a mere aditive process. It appears to come as a result of organization. Even the word 'organization" seems too tame as a description of Nature's efforts. As Stewart Edward White says in his recent book, 'Credo", nature seems to be the upsurging of a single vitality seeking outlet, and Bernard Shaw thinks that the saying, "Where there is a will there is a way" expresses more truly the meaning of evolution than the Darwinian selection theories.

In the eventful years which are to follow in this wonderful twentieth century, when the future of our civilization seems to be in the balance, the two things that are most needed are cooperation and creative effort. And strangely enough, the science of the day finds just these two things to be principles more original and significant than the chance variation and survival of the fittest which characterize nineteenth century thought.

There is no real reason to believe that the forces which are working towards progress in society to-day are essentially different from the forces which in the past have been productive of every new step in the development of plant and animal life or in the production of animal and human intelligence or of consciousness and moral judgment. The phrase "creative effort" designates these forces better than the term evolution. It remains for some one to discover a still apter term to characterize the world movement, a term which shall catch the ear of the twentieth century as evolution did in the century past. When this new term is discovered, evolutionists and fundamentalists may find some of their differences harmonized.

Embroidered Hand Woven Russian Linens. Table sets, yardage and smocks. On exhibition and sale at

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PICNIC LUNCHES

TELEPHONE 388
SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH

The Cinderella Shop

JUST RECEIVED
Shipment of Unusual Russian Dresses. . .

NEW FALL DRESSES ARE ARRIVING DAILY

CAROLINE

(Continued from Page One)

and his art on those who see and hear from beyond the footlights. "Caroline" is a fine example of the genius of the playwright and so clever are the lines, so artful and fascinating the situations, that you are almost blinded to the fact of the necessity of art and cleverness of the cast to put them over. The better they do it he less you realize that it is necessary that they do it. That may appear involved, but I am trying to say that "Caroline" is such a clever piece of playwriting that one is falsely led to believe that—well, that even a Carmel cast could play it and triumph.

But after all, the breath of the sea was provided by Miss Anglin and the greatest actress, or actor, for that matter, ever to have come to Carmel—as I am told—proved her claim to that distinction in "Caroline". After all, it was a matter for Miss Anglin to work out herself, as Dr. Cornish in the play so ungallantly and cleverly manipulated it, and she worked it out to a satisfaction that kept a crowded house in the Golden Bough tittering from the first move of the curtain to the last.

The others in the cast—J. R. Tozer, Peggy Thomson, Clifford Walker, Elizabeth Rathburn, Ralph Roeder and Florence Roberts—supported the great actress with a smoothness and certainty that are so necessary in the success of a principal.

THANKS

TO THE EDITOR of The Cymbal:

The Carmel Humane Society has inserted several advertisements in the columns of your paper and it very much wishes to express its appreciation for the immediate response which these advertisements have received—a response which no advertising heretofore has elicited. Through this medium we have been able to place dogs and cats in good homes, and what is even more wonderful, the Society has now a waiting list—not of animals wanting homes, but of prospective homes wanting pets.

We are most gratefully yours,

The Directors of the Carmel Humane Society.

"THE SUNKEN GARDEN"

THE AUTHOR'S own review of his work is always interesting and often entertaining as, for instance, the one Heywood Broun wrote of his novel, "Gandle Follows His Nose". He said, "I have read this book more times than any other in the English language."

And now the famous twelve-year-old poetess, Nathalia Crane, author of "The Janitor's Boy" and "Lava Lane", has written a novel. She describes it as follows:

"The tense story opens at dusk with an 'ox-eye' tornado devastating a section of the mid-African coast. Lantterned by the lightning we gain a glimpse of a youth, torn from the shore of the mainland and washed upon the crags of an outlying islet. During the night, the skiff of a wrecked sailing yacht drifts through the hooded entrance of the islet's lagoon. In the skiff there is the one survivor of the sea disaster, a young English girl of rank and culture. Therafter we have the heroine and hero in a made-to-order Paradise, the damsel armed with modernity, and the youth, the last living relic of a lost civilization.

"It is an idyllic tale, but jacked with adventures. For in this bewitching sanctuary security is threatened by the danger dormant in the Sunken Garden. In this secret basin of natural loveliness, the python regius, a monstrous orphidian, haunts the rim of a sullen pool.

"The magic of the book rests in the fact from the first page there is a recession from all conceptions of present-day life.

"Paul and Virginia were infants in swaddling bands compared with the castaway and her island escort. As for Robinson Crusoe, well he was a bachelor. In the Sunken Garden there is a complete cast, although some have four legs and one principal none at all."

On the trains you are likely to see more than one traveler absorbed in "The Saga of Billy the Kid", by Walter Noble Burns and published by Doubleday, Page and Company.

KNOPF BOOK NOTES

The Blue Jade Library, devoted to the field of semi-classic, semi-curious books, books, which for one reason or another have enjoyed great celebrity but little actual distribution, will be augmented by "Sir Walter Raleigh" by Martin A. S. Hume, a biography of the famous cavalier. First published in 1897 it has long been out of print and practically unobtainable. For the first time, Mr. Hume showed the correspondence of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, where it is made clear that Raleigh's death was demanded of James not for a personal reason, but as a sign that England meant to interfere no longer in South America. "Sir Walter Raleigh" will be published by Alfred A. Knopf on August 20.

The Library of Contemporary Thought, of which eight volumes have already been arranged for, will start with the first two volumes, "Contemporary Thought of France" and "Contemporary Thought of Italy". Dr. Benrubi examines the mode in which the modern conception of the universe is manifested in France, tracing the influence of Comte, Renan, Poincare, Jaures, Bergson and other philosophers and scientists. Italy is surveyed by Angelo Crespi, who reviews the works of Croce, Gentile and Varisco, and gives the first systematic criticism in English of Italian Neo-Hegelianism. Both works will be published by Knopf on August 20.

"The Formation of the Greek People" will be added on August 20 to the long list of titles that comprise the History of Civilization series. According to Professor Jarde the forces that created Greek civilization were the forces that kept Greece in political dividualism. Unity was created from the dissension, for they had their root in in-outside, under the pressure of Macedon. Thus Greek history ends with the formation of the Greek people: here is the line of division between the Hellenistic Age. In a straightforward exposition, Professor Jarde continually keeps his eye on the resemblances of Greek to modern life, and enables us better to understand the development of Greece by approaching it through our own terms.

Arthur Edward Waite's latest work, "The Secret Tradition in Alchemy", will be published by Knopf on August 20. The author of "Lamps of Western Mysticism" records the development of the literature of alchemy which though unexplored to any extent, is one of the most curious and fascinating bodies of writing.

In "Nigger Heaven" Carl Van Vechten abandons the field of satirists to create an unusual cycle of events of contemporary Harlem life. From a position "inside looking out" he analyzes the fascinating and inscrutable drama that takes place in the gallery of the vast theater of New York—from which the white world below can be seen, but which it cannot see. "Nigger Heaven" will be published this month by Knopf.

IDENTITY

The latest story from "out West" concerns a respectable Santa Fe matron who was buying carrots at an intimate little groceteria. As the deal was completed and she started to leave the store, she was met by an acquaintance who had obviously not seen her for a time. The greetings were solicitous and the entering lady was heard to exclaim anxiously:

"And I hear you were quite ill."

"Ill!" replied the respectable-loking matron with the carrots. "I damn near died!"

To which the startled reproach was: "Why, Mary Austin!"

—from the New Yorker

Flor de Monterey

FLOWER SHOP

Fremont and Mesa Streets

Trees, Shrubs and Flowers

Telephone 928-J
Nursery 748-J

PERSINGER QUARTET MAKES INITIAL BOW IN CARMEL

WHEN THE PERSINGER string Quartet appears on the stage of the Theatre of the Golden Bough next Thursday night under the auspices of the Peninsula Philharmonic Society it will make its initial bow as a new organization. The quartet, formerly members of the San Francisco Chamber Music Society, is giving its first concert here after having re-organized and adopting the name of its director, Louis Persinger.

As members of the Chamber Music Society the four musicians, Louis Persinger, Louis Ford, Nathan Firestone and Walter Ferner have gained nation-wide recognition and have been enthusiastically acclaimed on tour.

The tickets for the concert are $1.50 and may be obtained at the box office of the theater or from members of the Philharmonic society and reserved later at the theater box office.

SUNSET SCHOOL WILL OPEN AUGUST 30

SUNSET SCHOOL, Carmel's grammar school, opens for the fall and winter term a wek from next Monday, August 30. There will be a new teacher in the faculty—Miss Jettie Askew, who will take the first grade, filling a vacancy resulting from the resignation of Miss Frances Giffin.

Miss Mary Powers returns as principal and teacher of the eighth grade. Miss Florence Thornton will teach the seventh grade, Miss Pauline Newman, the fifth and sixth and also music; Miss Miriam A. White, the fourth and fifth, and Miss Geneva Christmas, the second and third.

The old school building, across Ninth street from the new school, has ben removed and the playground resulting will be improved immediately. A see-saw for the small children has been donated by George Best as the nucleus for complete playground equipment.

The Monterey schools opened last Monday and many Carmel children entered the high school there this term.

PERHAPS IT WAS CARMEL

It was not Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who told us that he had been contradicted in the statement that London was the foggiest place in the world. Whoever it was said that his critic had added, "I was once in a foggier place myself." "Where was that?" was the dubious inquiry. "I don't know," answered the clever fellow, "it was so foggy."

—From the New Yorker

FOUNTAIN OF EVERLASTING YOUTH

Four hundred years after Ponce de Leon died in the false and seductive swamps of Florida, seeking the Fountain of Eternal Youth, some modern medical men feel themselves in a position to declare that all mankind will soon enjoy a continued youthfulness such as has been only dreamed of heretofore.

But there is no magic nor black art in this new elixir. It is instead the result of scientific discoveries concerning the purpose and function of the ductless glands. It is now the conviction of many eminent physicians that in the proper conservation and development of the endocrines humanity may very soon be able largely to avoid the "disease" known as old age.

"There is now a means available to all of us which can to a considerable extent postpone the onset of old age for many valuable years, if not indefinitely," says Dr. Carl Ramus in "Outwitting Middle Age", which the Century company is publishing August 20. "A true elixir of life is available to every one, man and women."

In "Outwitting Middle Age" Dr. Ramus expresses the conviction, based on his long experience and observation of phenomenally young old men who have undergone "rejuvenating" processes, that the act of "aging" —the wearing out of the human body—is really a preventable disease, and can be largely cured or obviated.

The publishers of Dr. Ramus' book declare there has been more early interest aroused in "Outwitting Middle Age" than ever in Dr. Jackson's "Outwitting Our Nerves", though the latter book was a best seller during the year of publication, with more than eighty-five thousand copies sold.

F. P. A. WRITES A BOOK REVIEW

How gleeful and gay are the verses of
A. P. Herbert, a poet of Punch!
They're jolly, jejune, and they sing to a tune
That you think of at dinner or lunch.
"Laughing Ann" they are hight; they are
merry and bright;

They are simple and silly and sage,
And I'm not either glad or dejected to add
They are published by Doubleday, Page
And Co.
Yo ho!
They are published by Doubleday, Page.

—From the New York World

FIRESTONE WRITES MEMOIRS

Harvey S. Firestone has written his personal story of the growth of a great industry in "Men and Rubber: The Story of Business", the autobiography prepared in collaboration with Samuel Crowther, recently published by Doubleday, Page and Company. Thirty years ago he started with a working capital of $500 at about the time Henry Ford was manufacturing in a one-story building on borrowed capital and Thomas A. Edison starting his modest factory in Newark. In growing from this one man stage of operation to the organization and management of a gigantic corporation, Mr. Firestone has faced practically every difficulty that a business man can experience. In narrating the development of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Mr. Firestone discusses the fundamental principles of management which have spread his business around the world.

There is something besides money in every successful business, Mr. Firestone believes. "Thought, not money, is the real business capital," he says, "and if you know absolutely that what you are doing is right, then you are bound to accomplish it in due season.

"If you ask yourself why you are in business and can find no answer other than 'I want to make money', you will save money by getting out of business and going to work for someone, for you are in business without sufficient reason. A business which exists without a reason is due for an early death."

STEAMER LETTER

With you
I send this dollar
Which, transmuted
Into francs thirty,
Or thereabouts,
Will make it possible for you
To send back to me
Something of Paris.

Lord help you
If it be socks.

Let it be rather
A peck of light laughs
From the high platform
At Robinson's,
A yard of the color
That clothes Sacre Coeur
At sundown,
Or a box of notes
From the guitar
Someone will be playing
Under the lanterned trees
Of Armenonville.

Or, best of all,
Buy you a meal
At Papa Le Clerc's
And whisper for me
Into the ear
Of Clemenceau, the cat:
"He has not forgotten.
Some day
He will come again."

—Brownell Carr in the New Yorker.

The Jasmine Bush

Rugs and Baskets from Sardinia . . Importations from Tunis, Algiers and the Philippines. . . .

EUREKA DAIRY

PURE MILK AND CREAM

TELEPHONE 304

RUSSELL SCOTT

Candidate for

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Monterey County

PRIMARY ELECTION
AUGUST 31, 1926

Carmel
CLEANING WORKS

EXPERT CLEANING AND PRESSING

W. C. FARLEY
TELEPHONE 242

DOLORES NEAR OCEAN CARMEL

Cost plus Five Per Cent

I aim to build as well and as economically as it can be done, and I hit the mark so often that I have hosts of satisfied customers. May I not include you?

PERCY PARKES
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
PARKES BUILDING CARMEL
Telephone 71

(Continued from Page Five)

lar physical things. For conclusions about plants, plant experts are needed as judges. The judges are against the heart beats."

A Personal Word

THE THING in itself does not amount to much, but as the Peninsula Herald and the Pine Cone have considered it of enough importance to lie about it, I may be forgiven for assuming it important enough to tell the truth about it.

Last week those two papers carried almost identical "news" stories informing the public that on my refusal to pay the twenty-dollar fine levied against me by A. P. Fraser for

backing an automobile sixty feet on Dolores street I had been sent to Salinas and on viewing the county jail had relented or "remitted" and produced the money.

That is a lie. Hilda Argo, Carmel representative of the Herald and who contributes items of interest to the Pine Cone, knows that it is a lie. A. P. Fraser, much to his chagrin, knows that it is a lie.

The truth is that I was taken to Salinas in a limousine, with a chauffeur and the regal attendance of Marshal Gus Englund on a funny commitment, issued by Fraser who thought that he was sending me to jail. He had the surprise of his life when he saw me on the street in Carmel two hours after I had departed with the marshal for the county seat. And so irate was he that he sought out the marshal and charged him with having accepted my fine instead of turning me over to the sheriff at Salinas.

But the marshal did do his duty, as he always does with no flair or bone-handled revolvers about it, and did turn me over to the sheriff, or deputy sheriff as the officer in charge chanced to be. The deputy sheriff and the whole sheriff's office, in fact, guffawed at Fraser's funny commitment, gave me a receipt for my twenty dollars and I was brought back to Carmel in state in the limousine for which the city of Carmel will pay C. O. Goold the sum of eight dollars.

That fine could have been accepted by Fraser on Dolores street and saved the city eight dollars and kept the marshal on duty in Carmel for the two hours he was riding comfortably with me on the soft cushions of Mr. Goold's automobile.

Fraser is quoted as saying that I did not offer him the fine. That is a frantic man's method of covering his embarrassment at a display of crass stupidity.

Last Wednesday morning while I was in the throes of getting the current number of The Cymbal into the postoffice and on the newsstands the marshal appeared at my office with a legal-appearing document, which later proved to be the funny commitment, and I was taken before Fraser.. On the way

VOTE FOR
J. E. STEINBECK
(Incumbent)
Candidate for
TREASURER
of Monterey County
[Subject to Primary Election August 31, 1926]

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Dealers in Office Equipment
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Designers, Builders, Decorators of Homes
Box 282 Carmel, California

INTERIOR DECORATING
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SEVEN ARTS BUILDING
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Lamps, Fixtures, Radios Hotpoint Appliances and Ranges.
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R. H. BOWEN
Monterey County
Representative
Corner Ocean and Lincoln, Carmel
Telephone 271

Wrought Iron
The Forge in The Oaks
John Catlin Carmel

We make our own
ICE CREAM
It is not shipped in
Try our famous
LOGANBERRY SHERBET
Curtis Candy Store

A BOOK *about* CARMEL
yesterday and today

The first and only book on all phases of Carmel, giving an account of its history, arts, literature and science; its original personality, and its beauty!

Written by Daisy Bostick and Dorothea Castelhun. Illustrated with photographs and sketches by Carmel artists.

A PLEASING SOUVENIR FULL OF INFORMATION

to the city hall I was permitted by the marshal to go to the bank and draw twenty dollars for my fine. On the previous Monday Fraser had ruled, rather undecidedly, that I had not perfected my appeal and that therefore I must pay my fine or go to jail for five days. I asked him how much time he would give me to raise the fine and he said "Next Tuesday". I misunderstood him. If he had said, "Tomorrow", I would not have made the mistake that I did. But I was all flustered. The City Trustee was sitting in the lobby with John B. Jordan and the city's legal scintillation was there. I understood that I was given a week in which to pay my fine. I so informed persons in my office and so told my family. I had previously intended to go to jail rather than put up twenty dollars I could ill afford to take from my business, but I later decided that this would be foolishness and rob me of five days of work. I figured that within a week I could raise the money if Barney Segal would permit another overdraft.

But when the marshal arrived with the legal paper it suddenly flashed over me that I had made a mistake in dates and that I was a day late in appearing to pay my fine. That did frighten me a bit. Not the terrors of the jail—not a bit. No sheriff who is running for re-election would be anything but most considerate of the editor of any sort of newspaper in his county. It would have been quite comfortable and easy in the Salinas jail. I have been too long in politics not to know that. But five days of doing nothing did not appeal to me.

But I thought that if I explained to Fraser that I had misunderstood him about the date he would accept the fine.

He says, according to the Herald, that I did not offer him the fine. I didn't have the chance. He doesn't say that he asked me for it which was his legal prerogative. I told him that I had mistaken the date. With his back to me he replied that he had made the date of payment plain and with no more ceremony he commanded the marshal to take me to Salinas.

I believed he was sending me to jail. The marshal believed that he was. And the funny, absurd thing is that Fraser, himself, thought that he was.

After making out the funny commitment he wrote a note to Argyll Campbell, reading: "Look this over and see if it is O. K. Bassett has failed to pay his fine. I didn't know whether to make this out to the marshal or the sheriff, but took a chance on the marshal."

And when the marshal and I reached the sheriff's office in Salinas and after I had chatted a bit with the very agreeable deputies I startled them with the announcement that I had come to go to jail. It was then that they looked at the funny commitment Fraser had given to the marshal. "Hell," they said, "this isn't a commitment; it's a mistake. Give us your twenty dollars. You've had a nice jaunt on Carmel. How's the sheriff running over there?"

And now some unlucky person will get fined an extra eight dollars to make up for that fool buggy ride.

W. K. BASSETT

JOE PIETROBONO
CANDIDATE FOR
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
MONTEREY TOWNSHIP
COUNTY OF MONTEREY
SUBJECT TO PRIMARY ELECTION AUGUST 31, 1926

Staniford's
DRUG STORE
Prescriptions our Specialty
TELEPHONE 150 CARMEL

A. CLAY OTTO
DESIGNER
Architectural
Monumental
Display
STUDIO IN COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS

CARMEL GARAGE
TELEPHONE 112
OUR EXPERT MACHINISTS OVERHAUL AND REPAIR ALL MAKES OF CARS

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

is the Only Newspaper

Printed in Carmel

THE CYMBAL PRESS

is the Only Complete

Printing Plant in Carmel